

# BALCONY SQUARE

OLSEN ON SOCIAL SCIENCE

## TANZANIA'S NYERERE INTERPRETED

BALCONY SQUARE, October 17, 1969

Published by the Students of University of Scarborough



This man had three drinks and then drove home. They were his last three drinks. His car collided with another vehicle and a hydro pole after he fell asleep at the wheel. We would like you to be around. Take a taxi - it's cheaper in the long run.

Photo Courtesy North Gwillimbury Township Police.

One needs to go back over these axes of relevance before listing the books.

The local, for example, becomes crucial once the crossed-stick of these axes is used to pick it up:

millenia  $\times$  person  
process  $\times$  quantity

Apply all four of these at once (which is what I mean by attention), the local loses quaintness by the test of person (how good is it for you as you have to be a work of your lifetime?); itself as crutch of ambience, by test of millenia; its only interest is as process (say barbed wire, as attack on Plains husbandry) or as it may be a significant locus of quantity (in America how, say, prairie village called Chicago is still, despite itself, a prairie village—as against, say, LA; or, by turning itself inside out from size, Manhattan is now a vulgar village (note: this last would be an example of the exercise of inversion, one of the more interesting moral effects of quality, inversion is/how Rimbaud put it, "What's on the other side of despair?")

Excuse me for a moment, but I once knew a guy who almost succeeded in doing that which every theatrical office doesn't believe will ever happen—that a play on Edgar Allan Poe (more such mess come in than any single other try) will be written, by having him turn his coat inside out, and wear it so, going home along Fordham Road drunk, like they say.

The best definition of inversion I know is the chemical one—turning cane sugar by hydrolysis (another word for inversion) from the dextro-rotatory it is to a levorotatory mixture of dextrose and levulose.

It is possible chemically to kill a person by inversion.

To illustrate the value of the practice of these axes (instead of the old axis of history as time, and the axis of the individual versus society—and vice versa), study Webb's Great Frontier versus his Great Plains, how, in the latter book, his first, he caused the local to yield because at least he applied process, and some millenia sense, probably because the geography of the Plains enforces it on everyone; but in his latest book, because he is a professor instead of a person, and shows himself to have no sense of the quantities of geography of extrapolation from his knowledge of a "local" like the Plains, he is led back into the trap of history as time and comes to the foolish conclusion that it is the Frontier which is done, and the Metropolis which done it in!

(Cont. to pg 3)

## CONCEPT OF HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE

by Charles Olson

### Assumptions:

(1) that politics and economics (that is, agriculture, fisheries, capital and labour) are like love (can only be individual experience) and therefore, as they have been presented (again, like love) are not much use, that is, any study of the books about

(2) that sociology, without exception, is a lot of shit—produced by people who are the most dead of all, history as politics or economics each

being at least events and laws, not this dreadful beast, some average and statistic

### Working premises:

I That millenia:  
& are not the same as  
II person either times as history or as the individual as single

In other words, that plural and quality (taste)—King Numbers and King Shift—obscure how it is. And that one must henceforth apply to quantity as a principle (totally displacing hierarchies of

taste or quality, as though there were any other "like" than an attention which has completely saturated or circumvented the object);

and to process as the most interesting fact of fact (the overwhelming one, how it works, not what, in that what is always different if the thing or person or event under review is a live one, and is different because adverbially it is changing)—

one must henceforth apply to quantity as a principle and to process as the most interesting

fact - all attention results, as of historical study:

(a) it is not how much one knows but in what field of context it is retained, and used (millenia and quantity)

(b) how, as yourself as individual, you are acquiring and using same in acts of form—what use you are making of acquired information (person and process)

THE ABOVE, IN OUTLINE FORM, IS A TABLE OF CONTENTS. The Preface is to follow.



## CINESCAR: RELEASE

by Andy Denver  
"It pays to advertise." This slogan of commercial success still rings as true today as it did fifty years ago. Every company, organization or enterprise that enters the capitalistic atom smasher of profit making industry lives explicitly by this proven maxim or is annihilated soon after conception. Whether the medium of newsprint, billboards, radio or more recently, television is incorporated into the company arsenal, the success of the advertisement attack launched on the public depends largely on its originality and intensity.

Originality is the most important factor in any advertising campaign; the public abhors clichés. The company that depends largely on "tried and true" ideas usually does not excel in the competitive world. Some companies that are well established due to original ideas at the time of their origin still live by those same ideas. These companies have success mainly because the public have learned to trust them throughout the years. However, another company which tries to succeed using the same technique will fail. The total organization must survive on its own merits; not the plagiarized ideas of others.

The intensity of the advertising attack is also very important to the life of a young company. Ideas and originality are great, but useless if they are not presented to the public in a form concentrated enough to induce thought. Once inseminated with the germ idea, the public soon recognizes it to be representative of a specific organization and both it and the idea become synonymous. Remember acetylsalicylic acid? No? How about aspirin? They are the same product but since Bayer trademarked the product, only they can call it aspirin. The same may be said for Kleenex, for no matter what brand the tissue may actually be, one still calls it a "Kleenex." Representative ideas — right?

Whether or not the ideas become as famous as these examples, the point is clear enough: —For any enterprise to survive it must be known to the public and identified with a specific idea. Anonymity in the advertising game has no place. Failure is assured to those who ignore the maxim.

Advertising is the life blood of industry. This cliché still represents a way of life behind the commercial scene, and with the growth of competitive industries it is, a transference may soon be necessary.



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—contributions in any genre may be considered.

# NYERERE SPEAKS —

## A Critique by Kolin Kaiser

On October 6, Prime Minister Nyerere of Tanzania stated in Stockholm that his government would hire Chinese specialists to train his armed forces after their contract with the Canadian armed forces has terminated. The reason given is that the weapons used by the Tanzanian army are manufactured in Red China. In light of Mr. Nyerere's comments at Convocation Hall a week ago this statement poses an interesting contradiction. In order to tear out the heart of the problem we must take a look at Nyerere's address.

It is indeed a rare occasion when Toronto is favoured by the appearance of an African Chief of State. This particular occasion was even more special when the engagement was made three years ago. Numerous African states are undergoing birth-pains; some of them call upon their "condition" as a justification for political musical chairs. Nyerere owes his present tenure to several factors—his place in the sun as "teacher"—a mystic status no doubt but still potent. Perhaps this reinforces the continuance of his one-party state. These details were sketched out by the U of T professor who introduced Nyerere.

The Prime Minister was here ostensibly to receive an honorary degree. This observer confesses not remembering what that degree was for; history will be just as concerned.

Nyerere has made significant contributions to political science (according to the introduction). The address he gave makes me wonder about those writings; they may be as relevant to the men as the Anti-Machiavelli was to Frederick the Great.

Nyerere's address was divided into several sections: a clarification of Tanzania's one party rule; some thanks to Canadian assistance (not monetary mind you); and a large and lurid threat for the benefit of the nasty West.

He cheerfully explained the monolithic structure of Tanzanian government. After all what good is political equality without material security? Indeed there is some reason to agree with Nyerere — although for different

reasons. For a people as politically unsophisticated as his own (he admitted this in a different connection), a multi-party system would be tantamount to a death sentence. The trick is to abandon this system once the people become wealthy enough and "sophisticated" enough. Nyerere hinted that this would come about (if I may interpret his brief comments on political equality.) To not interpret them thus would be to damn him as a totalitarian ruler.

His topic was Africa and stability and his departure point was the right to self-determination. Nyerere emphasized African wishes to follow their own destiny irrespective of the Eastern bloc's Western wishes.

Nyerere said that the West had made a mistake when it looked at world politics from the Cold War standpoint. Africa is a "third world". Of course, this third world would borrow any system of government it wishes. (Nyerere here subscribes to the theory that ideas have a spiritual existence only.)

This reassurance may have soothed some Communophobes; it probably bothered a few others. After all, if the West is to blame for this century's imperialist fiasco and if despite all the lessons the West is still pursuing an insidious economic imperialism then Africa will belong to the Eastern bloc automatically. Neutrality is precarious, particularly when the neutral "have-not" has already suffered from the "have" element and believes itself to still be suffering.

Nyerere continued that in order to have stability (and thus stay neutral) Africa must rid itself of the last bastions of racism and colonialism. Undoubtedly the Rhodesian South-African and Portuguese bigot states must go. The question is how.

Nyerere rejected as absurd the British suggestion that Rhodesia desegregate gradually; for Nyerere the solution must be quick. As these states have shown a predilection for bayonets and barbed wire against moderate means, it will be necessary to use violence. But Nyerere knows his Fanon well—it cannot be unorganized—this releases only

tensions (and souls). The violence must be organized. At this phrase about one half of the blacks in the audience burst into applause; they were reinforced by some of our sunshine radicals. This was a bit sad. No one in his right mind likes even the concept of violence, and if such a display was made to frighten (or in this case offend) the "establishment", then it was childish.

Nyerere continued that the West could certainly assist the freedom fighters by boycotting the trade of those governments in question. Of course, he admitted (carefully) this would only alleviate or shorten the period of violence. Now if the West did not take appropriate steps then they ran the danger of causing a misrepresentation of African ends. The freedom-fighters forced to go to Communist sources for training and weapons; these are not sophisticated people he said—they must use any means at hand.

The longer the West gave the illegal regimes support by not taking action the more the freedom fighters would be forced to resort to Communist sources. Then when the rebellions erupted the racist regimes would holler Communist and the West would come running thus driving Africa into the arms of the second world. The West would in turn shout "Yellow Peril" and the Russians would join their racial brothers. Of course, Nyerere admitted, he was oversimplifying—he also was smiling in a pleasant way all through this lurid projection into the future. His train of logic — almost Toynbeeish in the prophetic power — was rather leaky. In the first place he dumped the responsibility for this

possible race war on the West — in short on the former and present "Imperialistic" powers (the quotation marks are willingly conceded in the former case but not in the latter). This seems to be the extent of the story: receive foreign aid complain like hell that it is not enough, better yet shout that it is economic imperialism. After blaming the West he still is unable to remove the possibility of race war — if a struggle is inevitable then the West is powerless to prevent bloodshed anyway.

Despite the promises of a desire for self-determination he throws in the clinker about lack of sophistication. If this latter comment is true then his people are quite liable to take the route of utopian never-never lands and suffer further because of it.

This was the end of Nyerere's argument. He finished by asking Canada to do her bit in the boycott. The applause was thunderous — including a standing ovation. Despite what the observer has criticized he will say this. Nyerere was correct in asking the West to act but his countrymen must understand that condemning the West is no way to elicit aid; furthermore Nyerere appeared to be a competent man — probably the best that his countrymen could hope for.

But the events of Sunday seriously contradicted Nyerere's position. His army (which will probably serve as a centre for freedom movements) has already had the benefit of Western assistance. This is indeed the very Western assistance Nyerere claimed not to be receiving. Of course it is a good idea to try several dealers even if you do not intend to buy.

## St. George and the dragon

By Linda Joyce

We are waiting for the bus... this mumbling, apologetic navy-blue bus who will pull herself laboriously up the pathway so we may obediently, yeah, eagerly, file into her entrails and like Jonah in the whale's stomach (though in slightly more crowded conditions) be transported to our ultimate destinations (or, failing that, to the subway station.)

And what magnificent home we have chosen (aided as always by the St. George campus selection committee). A huge jutting Gray building. But, no. This creature is alive, like a hungry amoeba eagerly spreading herself (I have always considered amoebae to be feminine in spite of their lack of definite shape) over the earth, stretching a tentative pseudopod towards the distant goals of knowledge and truth (which may be hiding in the bookstore cash register.)

I remember the first time I saw these formidable walls — Scarborough College, like a mediaeval castle. On entering the doors, I was greeted by the castle guardian (also known as Benny the Bouncer) who seemed a rather friendly dragon. I then followed a presiding giant (anyone who is not in first year.) Winking mysteriously, he signaled me to follow him. I had a feeling that trouble was ahead, and, sure enough, the next occurrence was the forcible exchange of a great portion of my money for a rather anemic-looking piece of card-

board which, the giant assured me, was a good-luck charm. Following this, the giant informed me gleefully that since I was the thirteenth visitor to enter the castle, I had won the supreme privilege of PAYING for my subsequent torture through initiation.

Having completed all necessary paper work I proceeded to explore. I stumbled out of the endless rooms onto a winding stairway lit by hidden torches. Cautiously and quietly I ran down the stairs. Around and around, around and around. Finally, there were no more stairs, and I realized that I was in some sort of a dungeon. The walls were lined with strangely coloured closets. Tentatively I open one, only to find the rotting skeleton of some forgotten inhabitant of the castle. Shocked beyond speech, I continued to run—past chairs black as death, past a room from which foul-smelling odours leaked into the air, past windows through which I could see an enchanted forest reaching toward me.

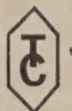
It all seems so very ludicrous, thinking about it now. So unreal. Like a dream. In fact, I had convinced myself that the whole experience was a fabrication of my imagination... until yesterday. Yesterday, when I was rummaging through my pockets and felt a stiff object rather like cardboard in consistency. Yesterday, when I turned deathly pale on recognizing... My good luck charm!

IMMEDIATE  
OCCUPANCY  
1st YEAR  
ARTS MALE  
WISHES  
TO SHARE  
2 BEDROOM  
APARTMENT  
WITH  
FELLOW  
STUDENT

Willing to spend approximately \$70 to \$90 depending on the cheapest apartment available. Preference will be given to the weekend social swinger who is also weekday bookworm.

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# WORDS

## Welfare and the Guaranteed Annual Income

by M. Prue

Today's welfare programs stink! They consist of a group of completely uninterested systems each of which is poorly equipped to help those who really need it. Under such a system the government has no means of regulating the amount of money necessary to someone on welfare. Schemes like Workman's Compensation and Unemployment Insurance are open to apportionment and fraud. Many of Canada's poor are so even though they have jobs, usually in low paying non-industrial areas. And some plans have outlived their usefulness like Family Allowance and Old Age Pension. Their very universality calls for expenditure in fields where they are unnecessary.

A radical new scheme must be introduced, the best proposal so far being the guaranteed annual income. Under this scheme, everyone will have a birthright of sufficient money to live above the poverty level. If a man earns money while on welfare today he loses his payments; thus he is often forced to stay on welfare, under the guaranteed annual income he will be encouraged to earn more subject only to a graduating income-gratuity level. Payments will be given with greater emphasis given to a man with a smaller family, something the baby bonus and welfare schemes completely ignore.

The advantage of this scheme are numerous. With the increase of wealth, real poverty will decrease, extra chances for earning will reach many to be self-sufficient. This will have the dual effect of making many rely on themselves, and thereby giving their children middle class values so that they will not become part of the cycle of poverty. With this new ideal people will leave the slums. And when these go so will the need for more policemen, welfare workers, and administrative staff.

This system is not perfect. It will cost more money, but only a fraction greater than we now pay. There will be those who will just live off an increased payment. But most social workers foresee at least a drop of 50% of those now solely on welfare within the foreseeable future, and this far outweighs anything we can now offer the unfortunates of Canadian society.

## CONCEPT

(From pg. 1)

Note: having recently visited Manhattan and having recently written your second story (the wide one, not the "local" one), you may judge for yourself.

BECAUSE THE LOCAL AND THE SENTIMENTAL IS HOW HUMANISM COMES HOME TO ROOST IN AMERICA, THIS IS ENOUGH OF A PREFACE. "TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE," IS THE ONLY MORAL ACT WHICH CAN POSSIBLY CORRECT THE WEST, AS EITHER GREEK OR U.S.

Because the local and the sentimental is how humanism comes home to roost in America, this is enough of a preface. "To get to the other side," is the only moral act which can possibly correct the west, as either Greek or U.S.

## Minimum Annual Income

by A. Gissoni

The first time I came to grips with the notion of a Minimum Annual Income (hereafter called M.A.I.) was at a Life After Birth Conference in Kingston, Ontario. Robert (Bob to his friends) Stanfield uttered such phrases as, "...poverty amidst abundance..." no means to lead a fuller life... economic regional disparity... the solution is a Minimum Annual Income."

To make a long story short, each Canadian (21 years of age or over, I would assume) is entitled to at least a three thousand dollar per year income. (This figure was of course, chosen at random by me!) This set income, according to Stanfield, would (1) provide a minimum high standard of living, (2) seek work and (3) limit the leakage of funds for those who don't need it.

As I sat there listening to him I felt like saying, "Man, you're full of shit!" because I felt all he was feeding us was bullshit. I can't see how a set or fixed income would raise the standard of living. Sure, more people would have money to spend, but consequently the market prices would rise and not in direct ratio but higher.

Look at our Consumer Price Index and compare it to that of 1944. This example is class in that wages did rise enormously but prices did also but by three to five times the ratio the wages did. So, scrap the idea of a higher standard of living.

The second objective of M.A.I. is so ludicrous I shan't even spend my time discussing it. Let us look at the third proposal. The M.A.I. would limit the leakage of funds. Would it? What this M.A.I. is doing is this - presently people are obtaining welfare payments: some need it, some don't. Under M.A.I. everybody gets money, and not only that, everybody gets more money than they would under the present welfare system. Good thinking Stanfield. When your government is willing to insure me a three thousand dollar income, what makes you think I will want to work any longer? Think about that.

Economically, the plan is not feasible for this allocation of revenue would have disastrous consequences. Bear with me for a moment and you will see what I mean. When in inflationary times like the late 1960's and early 1970's the government's role is to put some money out of circulation by raising taxes, increasing the national reserve, print less money, etc. By tightening the belt, the government cuts down spending and encourages saving.

Now, to raise taxes for a M.A.I. is a cardinal rule. You can't give if you don't have. So Ontario taxpayers suffer again. Money goes into the market and consequently prices would rise to such a peak that inflation will skyrocket a million percent.

I have heard said that in Canada, we as its citizens, have a right to enjoy at least the bare minimum of a standard of living. Crap! Canadians have a right to earn a minimum standard of living. All a M.A.I. would mean to the people who sponge from welfare is that they no longer have to drink beer. They can now afford Scotch. - Cheerio!

## DUH COACH SPEAKS

Arnie Carefoote, that veteran lineman of many a Yates Cup Campaign and presently coach of the Scarborough Football Squad, was cornered and interviewed by your own roving reporter Horatius Harlequin.

Harlequin: Coach, what do you think the difference is between High School and Inter-mural football?

Coach: Inter-mural is definitely a better class of football; the players are older, stronger and more experienced. The only thing is the physical conditioning which is better in High School, although if the player comes out to practice constantly this need not be so.

Harlequin: What are the strengths and weaknesses of your side this year, coach?

Coach: Well, last year's side has been decimated by academic requirements, which is a pity. We should have a good offensive line, and there are half a dozen good backs. The Defensive Line should be reasonably good and I'm looking to Dave Dykes and Jack Corman to be the leading performers. The big replacement job has to be done in the line-backing department with the middle and left cornerbacks not returning. We are looking to a stronger defensive secondary this year.

Harlequin: What about quarterbacking?

Coach: At the moment Dave Hines is the number one, but Hal Quinn who was in the Blues camp last year may possibly take over when he learns the offense. I hear he has a good arm.

Harlequin: I believe you have a game on October 1 against Vic the Mulock Cup Champions.

Coach: Yes, I'm not expecting too much against Vic. We'll be able to assess our capabilities better after the game.

Harlequin: What is your aim this year?

Coach: To win our Division, Division II.

Harlequin: Who is in our Division this year?

Coach: Meds, Dentistry and V.C.

Harlequin: Your first game?

Coach: Thursday, October 9, against Meds.

Harlequin: Will there be many changes from Coach Parker's policy?

Coach: I'm not varying the offense too much, the basic series will be roughly the same. I'm using a different approach this year, a little more fundamental which might look fancy at first but it will settle down.

Harlequin: Who do you think the strongest sides in the competition will be?

Coach: Undoubtedly, Vic will be the main contender, they've been practising since the 15th of September and have already had a game against York University. St. Mike's are always good with their own pitch and field house. Phys. Ed. will also be good if they find some linemen to go with their talented backs. I think that the main force in our division will be Meds again.

Harlequin: Have you selected your final sides, coach?

Coach: No, the sides are still in flux, and nothing has been finally decided. I would like to say, that if there footballers still interested to come out and try for the side. Chances are still available.

Harlequin: Have you selected team captains?

Coach: No, they haven't been chosen.

Harlequin: Thank you coach, the best of luck.

Coach: Thank you.

## BALCONY SQUARE

The Official Publication

Of The Students Of

University Of Scarborough

This newspaper requires a business manager. The business manager will be responsible for all newspaper finances. The applicant will be PAID a percentage of advertising obtained. All applicants should contact PAUL SCRIVENER, Managing Editor, in the BALCONY SQUARE office or phone 284-3152.

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The place to be, man! Open 10:00 a.m. to 11 p.m., Monday through Thursday, and from 10:00 a.m. to God-knows-when on holy Fridays. A disco-or-something is planned for most Friday nights and Saturdays and Sundays if the need arises and no one wants to leave on a Friday night. Gigs by the local gang are planned for at least three days a week during lunch hour, pro's and cons, ex-cons, etc....coffee, pop, chips and donuts can be procured for a price. The patio annex, open-air experience, will be open until the cold weather sets in, found just outside the SCSS Office. Come on up to the hills an' set a spell...

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## BALCONY SQUARE NEEDS WRITERS!

Positions are open in all Departments of this official University Newspaper. Some writing experience is preferred (but not essential). Please contact Paul Scrivener, Managing Editor either at the Newspaper Office, S421B, or phone 284-3152.

We, the undersigned students, are most seriously interested in an extended and increased bus service between Scarborough College and the downtown (St. George) Campus. We feel present bus schedules and bus capacity are inadequate to handle the needs of both fulltime and extension students. An intensive review of the present shuttle service is most urgently needed.

Ben Stark

John Fox

If you think the transportation facilities at Scarborough College, should be reviewed, fill out the following coupon and drop it into the BALCONY SQUARE office, S421B.

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# CAUSE

Introduction by Michael Hofstetter

When I first talked to Jim Dallas about the following poem, he explained that the poem was not intended to be exercise in poetics but rather an expression of the apathy that he has met at this college and this society in general. The first two issues of this paper carried Jim's experience at Berkeley. Most of us do not desire any form of a Berkeley here, although some members of this university community would disagree. Conversely a sentiment favouring efforts for evolution does not negate a certain admiration for those human beings that gave everything possible to affect their idealism and their coincident committed fervour for a concrete improvement in their micro-world.

Those forgotten wasted martyrs  
buried on the Somme  
The once angry, then mutilated husks  
of men bleached by the Spanish sun  
No names, just a memory now.

England's proud stubborn defenders  
spread over the soft Flanders fields-  
Silk scarves - daredevils in dogfights  
- High hopes but low death.

Fidel, Che, Eldridge, Stokely  
Malcolm X.  
All sniffed the wind and ran  
before it -  
the cause sealed the patterns of existence  
no one slows the pack down -  
there's only the quick and  
the dead

The Kennedys knew the pace,  
felt the inner surge -  
only cowards retreat  
While there's still breath.  
Ginsburg, Leary, Kesey and  
the Merry Franksters felt the thrust.  
Drugs only sharpened the  
knives of minds  
long since committed.

But is death the price finally?  
The T.V. images of my minds history  
proclaims a fearful answer -  
and a dull body trembles.

But where is my Waterloo?  
The Blacks, The White Politicians  
The Students or even The Stock Exchange?  
Anarchy - is it here that I find you?  
Around the blood and mace.

These are just words though  
I need to feel the hot coursing  
blood,  
Sense the red anger of my mind  
searing through my  
positively charged being.

They were lucky before -  
words syncopated with  
live action then,  
No stunning interval to separate.  
A white-hot blaze consumed their  
bodies until spent; in death's  
dark womb.

Are they all used up - these thunderbolt  
men?

Surely not for nothing they  
erupted and were extinguished.  
The direction seems hazy now -  
- Necessary fury lies submerged  
in affluence.

Don't deny me your sensuous  
bold form  
- and leave me drifting  
in waves of self disgust  
forever uncaused.

## Letters to the editor

d. balcony square:

the success of issue one is well proven by the innumerable numbers of remaining copies decaying throughout Scarborough. Balcony square is not read but rather skimmed. much like one pays attention to milking a pudgy cow. your layout is cramped. undo the knotted appearance with less irrelevant print and supply more visual stimulus. your overall impact of any point the issue is pressing will be just that - implode is to waste but explode

is to conserve. understandably the public service announcements first time round were a necessity. on this you have an out. but the degree to which you escape is relative. the next issue will tell.

freedom's finest hour was pointless. but i'm a conservative - my out. cus-words fed only a few heads; Scarborough students are not into any of that, save a few. a greater relevance, even if you become more a forum for the

non-political, let's say, creative arts; to the bland, ultra-middle-of-the-road-no-nonsense tastes of the students of Scarborough College - you will have succeeded but only succumbed to the same level which unfortunately exists here. Forgive the illiteracy but i'm a poet and sentencing thoughts is not my forte.

peace  
thomas nowak  
arts III

## THE KINGDOM OF AMATISH

PRESENTS

**Bill Monohan**  
(Royal Minstrel)

at the COFFEE WOMB

at

SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE

MONDAY

the 20th of OCTOBER

at 12 and 1 p.m.



Newsweek—Karl Fleming

REIS, PEDROZA AND LINTON: 'Paint your face black and the county will feed your family. We should have a Hitler here to get rid of the troublemakers the way they did with the Jews.'



Shelley Katz—Camera 5

COMPTON: 'The U.S. has opened its doors to so many low-classed people. I tell you what: I could get 40 or 50 of my old South Pacific buddies with grease guns and stop all these damn riots.'